The match is made and all is done,
Your sonne shall haue my daughter with consent.
Tra. I thanke you sir, where then doe you know best
We be affied and such assurance tane,
As shall with either parts agreement stand.
Bap. Not in my house *Lucentio* for you know
Pitchers haue eares, and I haue manie seruants,
Besides old *Gremio* is harkning still,
And happilie we may be interrupted.
Tra. Then at my lodging, and it like you,
There doth my father lie: and there this night
Weele passe the businesse priuately and well:
Send for your daughter by your seruant here,
My boy shall fetch the Scriuener presentlie,
The worst is this that at so slender warning,
You are like to haue a thin and slender pittance.
Bap. It likes me well:
Cambio hie you home and bid *Bianca* make her readie straight:
And if you will tell what hath hapned,
Lucentios father is arriued in *Padua*,
And how she's like to be *Lucentios* wife.
Biond. I pray the Gods she may with all my heart.
Exit.
Tran. Dallie not with the Gods, but get thee gone.
Enter Peter.
Signior *Baptista* shall I leade the way,
Welcome, one messe is like to be your cheere,
Come sir we will better it in *Pisa*.
Bap. I follow you. *Exeunt.*
Enter Lucentio and Biondello.
Bion. Cambio.
Luc. What saist thou *Biondello.*
Biond. You saw my Master winke and laugh vpon you?
Luc. Biondello, what of that?
Biond. Faith nothing: but has left me here behinde to expound the meaning or morrall of his signes and tokens.
Luc. I pray thee moralize them.
Biond. Then thus: *Baptista* is safe talking with the deceiuing Father of a deceitfull sonne.

Luc. And what of him?
Biond. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.
Luc. And then.
Bion. The old Priest at Saint *Lukes* Church is at your command at all houres.
Luc. And what of all this.
Bion. I cannot tell, expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, *Cum preuilegio ad Impremendum solem*, to th' Church take the Priest, Clarke, and some sufficient honest witnesses:
If this bee not that you looke for, I haue no more to say,
But bid *Bianca* farewell for euer and a day.
Luc. Hear'st thou *Biondello.*
Biond. I cannot tarrie: I knew a wench married in an afternoone as she went to the Garden for Parsley to stuffe a Rabit, and so may you sir: and so adew sir, my Master hath appointed me to goe to Saint *Lukes* to bid the Priest be readie to come against you come with your appendix.
Luc. I may and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleasd, then wherefore should I doubt:
Hap what hap may, Ile roundly go about her:
It shall go hard if *Cambio* go without her. *Exit.*

Enter Petruchio Kate Hortensio.

Petr. Come on a Gods name, once more towards our fathers:
Good Lord how bright and goodly shines the Moone.
Kate. The Moone, the Sunne: it is not Moone-light now.
Petr. I say it is the Moone that shines so bright.
Kate. I know it is the Sunne that shine, so bright.
Pet. Now by my mothers sonne, and that's my selfe,
It shall be moone, or starre, or what I list,
Or ere I iourney to your Fathers house:
Goe on, and fetch our horses backe againe
Euer more crost and crost, nothing but crost,
Hort. Say as he saies, or we shall neuer goe
Kate. Forward I pray, since we haue come so farr,
And be it moone, or Sunne, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush Candle:
Henceforth I vowe it shall be so for me.